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mixed up with the life of each tree and plant. The hearts and hands of those we love should be interested and occupied in their cultivation. Day by day, and year by year, we would watch their progress, nursing their feebleness, rejoicing in their healthy growth, until at length we might sit beneath their expanding boughs or pluck their abundant flowers and fruit. Such a garden would be worthy of the name. Its very ground would be hallowed. On the branches of every tree would hang gentle thoughts and pleasant memories. Its shrubs and plants would suggest ideas as varied as the forms of their leaves, and fancies as airy as the fragrance of their flowers. Such a garden would be a charmed spot, because linked with so much that is deeply and permanently interesting to the mind and heart of man.

ART. VIII. — *La Civilization au Vième Siècle. Introduction à une Histoire de la Civilization aux Temps Barbares, suivie d'un Essai sur les Écoles en Italie, du Vième au XIII. Siècle.* Par A. F. OZANAM, Professeur de Littérature Étrangère à la Faculté de Lettres de Paris. Paris: Jacques Lecoffre et C^{ie}. 1855. 2 vols. pp. 395, 433.

THE time has gone by when the charge of frivolity can with justice be brought against the French as a nation. Although still distinguished for their exquisite taste and skill in the ornamental arts, they now actively pursue the more practical interests of life, and during the last twenty-five years have made wonderful strides in all material improvements. The prejudices of a great monarchical and military people against the occupations of the middle classes no longer exist; and a marquis of the old *noblesse*, whose ancestors may have figured in the Crusades, no longer hesitates to work a paper-mill, to head a railroad company, or to join in any commercial enterprise from which profit is likely to accrue. With few exceptions, there are no longer any idle men in

France. The injunction, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is obeyed by nearly all; and those who do not subsist by the work of their hands, toil with the brain. The French, in one word, have become a serious people. A writer like Tocqueville, a painter like Paul Delaroche, a mathematician like Ampère, may be fairly taken as representatives of the French of our day. The deep and conscientious study, laborious research, and attentive examination of cause and effect, which distinguish these three men, are no longer uncommon qualities among their countrymen; and there is no field in which these qualities have been more frequently displayed than in that of history. To penetrate the hidden motives of those illustrious men in whose hands Providence at various periods has placed the fate of nations, and to give life to the pictures of the past by details characteristic of the epoch they design to portray, has been the aim of all the writers of the modern French historical school, whatever the diversity of their political creeds. The revolutions which have successively swept over France have, on the whole, been favorable to progress; and whatever momentary checks Liberty may have received, she is still welcome to all thinking men. It is in a liberal spirit that her historians pursue their labors; and Catholicism, which in the South of Europe prohibits all freedom of thought and inquiry, as supported by the Gallican Church puts no unhealthy check on the speculations of the politician or historian.

Of this statement M. Ozanam's works afford undeniable proof. Himself a sincere and fervent Catholic, his works bear the impress of the candid spirit and love of truth which characterized him. From early youth it appears to have been his earnest desire to do something for the cause of religion, and amidst all the vicissitudes of life, and notwithstanding delicate health, he persevered in this object. To write a literary history of the early centuries of the Christian era, which should define what and how much the Church had inherited from the scholars of antiquity; to trace the origin of Christian art and Christian science, and then show how such men as Boethius and Bede carried light from one end of the empire to the other, and how Charlemagne and Alfred labored in the

cause of knowledge; and, finally, to refer the literature of modern Europe and the foundation of modern languages to their sources, — was the object he proposed to himself, but which he was able to accomplish but partially.

“Before so vast a plan,” wrote he, on entering upon his task, “I cannot conceal from myself my own insufficiency. Where materials are innumerable, questions difficult, life but short, and the air of the times full of storms, it seems presumptuous to begin a book to win the applause of men. But I seek not glory, which is the award of genius only; I fulfil a conscientious duty. In the midst of a sceptical age, God granted me the blessing of being born among the faithful; he placed me while a little child on the knees of a Christian father and of a pious mother; he gave me for my first instructress a sister, intelligent and pure as the angels whom she so soon joined. At a later period, the sounds of a sceptical world fell upon my ear. I knew all the horrors of those doubts which prey upon the heart during the day, and at night visit a couch bedewed with tears. The uncertainty of my eternal destiny left me no repose. I clung desperately to the sacred dogmas which I felt crumbling beneath my touch. It was then that the pious instructions of a philosophical priest saved me.* He restored order and light to my bewildered mind. From that time I enjoyed perfect faith, and, touched by so great a blessing, I promised God to devote my days to the service of that truth in which I had found peace.”

Strictly adhering to this promise, he thenceforth made every act and pursuit of his life subservient to the one end. He visited Italy several times, spending many hours in the public libraries of Florence, Pisa, and Sienna, finding everywhere fresh materials for the studies he was pursuing, and strengthened by all he learned in his ardent belief in the progressive spirit of Christianity. Where Gibbon had beheld antiquity insulted by the presence of the humble Franciscan friar amidst the ruins of the Capitol, Ozanam saw the triumph of love and charity over brute force; and where the English philosopher could find nothing but decay, he hailed the dawn of a higher and better civilization than the world had ever known.

The history of nations is a long series of alternate triumphs and reverses, and the most brilliant epochs have invariably been succeeded by periods of lassitude and apparent decay;

* The Abbé Noirot, Professor of Philosophy at Lyons.

but it is during these that a new order of things and a fresh and vigorous generation are maturing. The husbandman might as well despair of the rich harvests of summer, because nature yields to the long, dull sleep of winter, as the Christian historian allow the vicissitudes of a nation to lead him to think that Providence will suffer the germs of good it contains to perish. In the economy of nature nothing is wasted; all that droops and withers around us revives in some other form. Why, then, should we doubt that it is thus with the imperishable thoughts of man?

"Heathen antiquity," says Ozanam, "believed itself under the law of hopeless decay. It is with the Gospel that the doctrine of progress begins. The Gospel not only teaches human perfectibility; it requires it. 'Be perfect,' it says; 'be perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.' Christianity, therefore, far from retarding the progress of human knowledge, has assisted it; she has placed before us an ideal, towards which the noblest among us are constantly striving, and although in this world knowledge and virtue must ever be limited, we have visions of both, such as it was never given to heathen antiquity to conceive."

In every page of the work before us, as in the life of its author, we trace this constant aspiration towards the true and the beautiful. Published since his death by a subscription among his friends and admirers, it contains the lectures delivered by him at the Sorbonne during a period of two years; and although something of the fervid and graceful eloquence which charmed all who listened to him must be lost in the printed page, enough yet remains, independently of the intrinsic interest of the book, to attract and delight the reader. A Preface, by M. Ampère of the French Academy, gives some extracts from Ozanam's private letters, and from his manuscripts, which breathe the tender, loving, and truthful spirit which endeared him so much to his personal friends, and, added to his uncommon eloquence, gave him so great an influence over the young men who frequented his lecture-room.

The first two lectures in the present volumes serve as an introduction to the course, and embody Ozanam's ideas on the progressive spirit of Christianity. Thoroughly opposed to those modern reformers who substitute a creed of their

own for that which Christ has given us, and whose wild theories have produced such fearful results in the last and the present century, he teaches that true progress is inseparable from Christianity. At the same time, although he considers this law of progress to be inevitable, he always insists on the entire liberty of individual man, and in some pages of great beauty shows how the two may be reconciled.

At the end of the fourth century, the Paganism of classic antiquity, the rude creeds of the barbarian hordes who were then overrunning the Roman empire, and Christianity, all met together on the stage, and it is no easy task for the historian to separate these conflicting elements, so as to harmonize the apparent confusion which reigned at that period, and to trace the dividing line between the old and the new order of things. The learning and perseverance of Ozanam have enabled him to throw light on this portion of history, and to show how much Christian civilization retained, and how much it rejected, of the law, the literature, and the religious ceremonies of the Roman world. It was but slowly that the new faith penetrated the great mass of the Gentiles; the rustics and the unlearned still clung to the superstitions and religious observances of their ancestors. Even as late as the eighth century, the pious pilgrims of Northern Europe were astonished by the Pagan dances which still profaned the public squares of Rome. Indeed, the Church, which has always aimed at being all things to all men, far from condemning all the ceremonies of Pagan worship, suffered the introduction of many of them into her own. The use of incense and flowers, the gorgeous dresses and processions, which still gratify the senses and appeal to the imagination of the people of Southern Europe in their religious festivals, are not of modern origin; they have their source in the customs of Greece and Rome, and it is sometimes difficult, when witnessing the pious celebrations of the Italian peasant, to imagine that we are not looking upon a festival in honor of some ancient divinity.

We know of no more striking case in point, than the annual pilgrimage to the shrine of the Madonna del Arco. It is the object of this pilgrimage to call down upon the earth the benediction of the Virgin. It takes place at Pente-

cost, in a village at a short distance from Naples. Men, women, and children, dressed in garments of the gayest colors and most picturesque fashion, enter a cart drawn by the magnificent gray oxen of the Campagna, bearing in their hands the thyrsus, intertwined with green leaves, fruit, and flowers, from which also hang amulets, chaplets, and images of the Virgin and the saints. Their brows are crowned with vine-leaves, or with branches of the lemon-tree in full blossom; bunches of broom and lavender adorn the wheels of the cart, and the yoke of the peaceful animals who draw it bears green branches and unripe wheat. The procession is headed by two children, one of whom sounds a sort of rattle formed of three movable hammers, and peculiar to the Neapolitans. The tambourine and castanet, accompanied by singing, respond to this singular instrument. Young girls dance around the car, which is followed by an immense crowd on foot, on horseback, on donkeys, or in *calessi*. Every maiden considers it a point of honor to appear at this fête, and the time has not long gone by when some required that their future husbands should promise by contract to take them to it. Leopold Robert selected it as the subject of one of his most charming pictures, which is a true representation of Italian peasant-life, but in which the attitudes recall the sculptured ornaments of some antique vase.

Paganism, as we have said, was slow in perishing. With the false religion was mingled that which is religion itself, the intercourse of man with the invisible world, and the means of establishing this intercourse by external forms, by temples, fêtes, and symbols. The Church, therefore, crushed idolatry, but retained all that was admissible of the heathen and the Jewish ceremonial. This fact is too often overlooked by those who deride the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and who might feel more respect for them, did they remember that some are as ancient as the days of Moses. Even in the early ages of the Church these concessions were considered by some as unworthy; but to the sincere Catholic they only prove how well the Church understood human nature with all its weaknesses, when, requiring it to struggle against its passions, she asked for no useless sacrifices, and left imagination, which,

however some creeds may strive to repress it, is a gift of God, and must have its place in human life, to find external satisfaction in the pomps of religion, while ministering to its higher wants by the legends of the saints. Thus, Sicily long resisted all attempts for its conversion; but after the Council of Ephesus, when the worship of the Virgin Mary was placed before men under a new and charming aspect, the Sicilians yielded to her gentle sway. By degrees the clergy succeeded in replacing all the heathen festivals by others consecrated by the Catholic Church, thus conforming the Christian year in some measure to the heathen calendar. Bede informs us that Candlemas took the place of the Lupercalia, and the peasants of Enna, accustomed to celebrate the feast of Ceres after the harvest, offered their sheaves of grain on the altar of Christ at the feast of the Visitation.

How gradually and reluctantly Paganism yielded its power may be judged by the following fact. In the middle of the sixth century, after Rome had been fifty years in the power of the Goths, the idolaters endeavored to reopen the temple of Janus and to restore the Palladium. That a superstitious belief in the power of the ancient divinities still clung around men's hearts, the early history of Florence offers a still more striking proof. The Florentines had consecrated the temple of Mars to St. John, but instead of destroying the statue of the god, they transported it to the Ponte Vecchio. In 1215, the murder of Buondelmonte, whence sprang the long war between the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, took place on this spot, and the historian Villani, a wise man in most respects, but influenced on this subject by the opinions of his times, gravely says that the enemy of the human race had doubtless preserved a certain power in this ancient idol, since at its feet was committed the crime which plunged Florence into so much woe!

The Church, while authorizing, as we have seen, all that was innocent in the ceremonies of the ancient worship, labored unceasingly to abolish all the superstitions and idolatrous practices connected with it. The Middle Age has been unjustly accused of originating the study of astrology and magic, as well as the bloody laws which repressed these

errors. It must not be forgotten, that the occult sciences prospered under Augustus, and that the Cæsars trembled before that art of divination, which had announced the rise of their fortunes, but which also predicted their speedy downfall. Tiberius banished the astrologers; Diocletian and Maximinus proscribed them, and it was from the heathen emperors that the laws were derived by which sorcerers were judged in the Middle Age. But notwithstanding the rigor with which they were pursued, the occult sciences flourished until the light of the seventeenth century dispelled them. And even then Paganism did not perish with them; it lived, it still lives, wherever the heart of man is not subject to the will of God, wherever a vain attempt is made to substitute the goodness and greatness of man for the Divine love and omnipotence. The crimes and follies of the French Revolution had their source in this fatal error. Had the philosophers of that time contented themselves with urging upon those who governed the necessity of reform, and showing those who were governed that the abuses they deplored could not be removed in a day, but only by a course of patient effort, they would have acted well and wisely; but forgetting, as Pascal has so admirably said, that "it is dangerous to show man his greatness without also showing him his littleness," they swept away all faith in any power higher than human, so that the disciples of the school they had formed considered it an act of condescension on the part of Robespierre to establish the worship of "l'Etre Suprême!"

In his sixth lecture M. Ozanam shows how much Rome is indebted for her fame to her system of jurisprudence, which not only survived her conquests, but after her downfall was adopted by those whom she had once regarded as barbarians, and still forms the study of the most enlightened nations in the world. At the same time, he expresses his just indignation at the total indifference to human life and liberty which marked this system of legislation, and dwells on the great fact, that, although the Founder of Christianity did not attempt to abolish the past at one blow, as earthly legislators have done, the spirit of his religion gradually infused itself into laws, institutions, and letters. In the reign of the best

Roman emperors, in those days which have been considered the golden age of the empire, the time of Trajan and of the Antonines, slaves were still thrown to the beasts of the amphitheatre, and the same bloody entertainments were continued which had delighted the eyes of Nero. Even in 402, Symmachus, the Prefect of Rome, and one of the most polished men of his time, laments, in a letter to a friend, that twenty-nine of the Saxon prisoners whom he had purchased for the pleasures of the arena had perished by their own hands! And this in the days of St. Augustine. Two years afterwards an edict of the Consul Honorius forbade the public games, and thus destroyed one of the most powerful links which yet bound the people to the old religion. From that hour a great moral revolution commenced. The abolition of these bloody and inhuman spectacles was a signal victory over the fierce and selfish passions that swayed the heathen breast. The new doctrine that man was made in the image of God was now beginning to penetrate the masses, and brought with it a respect for the rights of man, whether poor or rich, bond or free, which had been hitherto unknown.

There is no point, however, in which the beneficent influence of Christianity is more apparent, than in the change it wrought in the lot and position of woman. The heathens beheld, at first with surprise, but afterwards with admiration, the Christian women abstaining from all worldly pleasures, in order to devote themselves to the happiness of their husbands and children, to the consolation of the needy and the afflicted, to almsgiving and prayer, and willing, when persecution rendered it necessary, to die for the faith they professed. The early Fathers preached and wrote to encourage woman in the faithful discharge of all her duties, and to enlighten her as to the best manner of educating children. The correspondence of St. Jerome is peculiarly interesting in this respect. Like that Roman who attributed the first corruption of eloquence to the lessons of ignorant nurses and pedagogues, he requires that children should have attendants of serious and modest demeanor, with whom the name of God is a familiar one; and, inveighing against the vanities of the age, he insists that their ears should not be bored, nor their faces stained with red or

white paint! Were it not for his evident earnestness, and for the importance of the subject on which he wrote, we should be almost tempted to smile at the idea that the man who had passed so many years in the austere and solitary life of an anchorite should not think these details beneath his notice. But he was never weary of instructing those who sought the benefit of his experience and wisdom. It was at the request of two Christian matrons, not satisfied with the wisdom they drank from his lips, or with his verbal commentaries on the sacred writings, that he was induced to undertake the great work which established his renown, and which at once stamped him as the master of Christian prose,—the translation of the Scriptures. And when his translation, like most other innovations, met with strong opposition, and exposed him to unjust remark and accusation, he wrote to Paula and her daughter Eustochium, who had founded several monasteries at Bethlehem, where, according to the rules of the Greek Church, Hebrew and Latin were taught: “You are competent judges of the controversy respecting texts; open the Hebrew originals, compare them with my translation, and see if I have altered a word.”

Tertullian, Cyprian, and Ambrose, following the example of that Saviour who comforted and instructed feeble, suffering, and ignorant women, wrote expressly for the weaker sex. But there is no more striking instance of the reverence felt by the Fathers of the Church for woman, than that of St. Augustine, who, won from the evil ways of his youth by the prayers and tears of his mother, has given her an immortal place in his writings, by declaring that to her alone he owed his passion for truth and for the things of eternity.

We now come to one of the most interesting portions of M. Ozanam's book,—that in which he shows how the Latin became a Christian tongue.

The Latin language was at the outset essentially that of war, of agriculture, and of the law; it expressed the material wants of society, and was adapted to the practical purposes of life rather than to the theories of philosophy or the dreams of poetry. It was only by borrowing from the Greek that it became the language of Cicero and of Virgil, and then,

having reached its maturity, it began to decline. But, as fruit, when perfectly ripe, bursts open and restores its seed to the earth, so from the decay of the old language a new language sprang forth. St. Jerome, already familiar with the best writers of Greece and Rome, had applied himself with all the energy of his character to the study of Hebrew, and, when he entered on the translation of the Old Testament, determined to bend the Latin tongue to the exigencies of the subject, and yet to mar neither its elegance nor its euphony. "To translate," said Chateaubriand, who had passed years in endeavoring to render "Paradise Lost" into French, "is to devote one's self to the most difficult and ungrateful of tasks." The work of St. Jerome is one of those great efforts of the human mind which we can never too much admire. It was in its pages that the genius of the East first mingled with Roman civilization, not because the Latin language adopted a few Hebrew words, such as Amen and Hallelujah, but because a new and bold phraseology and an immense number of images were introduced into it, and those expressions coined, the want of which could not but be felt wherever Christianity made its appearance. It has been remarked by one of the greatest living writers of Italy, Manzoni, that the Italian language, which seems to have reached perfection in the hands of both poets and historians, is inadequate to express the wants of modern civilization and political life. The Latin of St. Jerome became the Latin of the Middle Age, and assisted in moulding the principal languages of modern Europe.

From this subject the transition to Christian poetry and Christian art is natural.

It was impossible that the introduction of a religion at once so superior to and so different from those before known as was that of Christ, should not produce a new order of poetry and new forms of art. The efforts of the poets of the first centuries of the Christian era were confined to the versification of scenes or dialogues from the Scriptures, with expressions and embellishments borrowed from Latin authors. By degrees, attempts were made to imitate these poems in the new tongues of modern Europe. Thus the Anglo-Saxon

priest, Cædmon, undertook to sing the origin of the world and the fall of the first man; and the monk, Ottfried, in the time of Charlemagne, in a poem called "The Harmony of the Gospels," first sounded the praises of Christianity in the language of the Franks.

The two men, however, whose poetical writings deserve to be more especially noticed, are Paulinus and Prudentius. The former, known in early life as Meropius Pontius, belonged to an illustrious Roman family. Born in the environs of Bordeaux, he had been educated in the schools of Gaul, and had learned the art of versification from the poet Ausonius. The heir to a large fortune, and laden with honors, he might at the age of thirty-six have aspired to any dignity in the empire. But in 398, without the knowledge of his relations, he espoused Christianity; and having soon after lost his only child, he divided his goods among the poor, and retired with his wife from the turmoil of the world to Nola, in Campania, where they passed their lives in voluntary poverty and prayer. His relatives were indignant; his worldly friends abjured him; his spiritual friends opened their arms to him. The esteem and affection of Augustine, Ambrose, and Jerome consoled and strengthened him. He became a theologian of some eminence, and at the same time a poet. Ausonius, his former instructor, deeply grieved by his conversion, wrote to him, entreating him to return to the worship of the Muses. Paulinus replied in verse:—

"Nothing can cause me to forget thee; during all the years granted to mortals, as long as I remain in this body, whatever the distance which separates us, I shall bear thee in my heart. I shall behold thee in thought, I shall embrace thee in my soul; and when, delivered from this prison of the body, I rise from earth, in whatever planet our common Father may place me, I shall have thee in remembrance, and the moment that sets me free from earth will not end my tenderness for thee; for this soul, which, surviving its ruined organs, exists in virtue of its celestial origin, must preserve its affections as it keeps its existence. Full of life and of memory, it can no more forget thee than it can die."

These are thoughts which Ausonius, with all his intellect and learning, could never have reached.

Aurelius Prudentius was born in Spain in 348, and was

educated for the legal profession, in which he obtained great reputation. He was chosen chief magistrate in two cities of his native country, and was afterwards employed at the court of Honorius; but at the age of fifty-seven, weary of honors and of public affairs, he resolved to devote his remaining years to the service of God. He composed several theological and poetical works, the most famous of which are his reply to Symmachus, Prefect of Rome, who had petitioned Valentinian to re-establish the Pagan altars; his "Psychomachia," or the Soul's Combat; and his "Cathemerinon," or hymns for the festivals of the Christian year. His writings unite energy and grace, and were much admired by the authors of the succeeding centuries and of the Middle Age; but his passionate admiration of the martyrs, and the homage he everywhere rendered to the saints, prevented him from being acceptable to the Reformers, so that he has been chiefly read and edited in Roman Catholic countries.

We now turn to Christian art, the earliest traces of which, rude and imperfect it is true, may be found in the Catacombs of Rome, that wonderful labyrinth of subterranean passages, which, if we may believe popular tradition, repeated by the shepherds of the Campagna, extend even to the sea. It had been the custom of the ancients to decorate the interior of their tombs with flowers, animals, figures of victory, etc. The early Christians followed their example; but there were no great artists among them, — these were all in the employ of Nero, — and they were often reduced to copying the allegorical figures used by the Pagans. Thus, in some cemeteries, we find the figure of Orpheus, represented in the same way as by the ancients, but adopted as a type of Christ, who draws men's hearts towards himself and touches even the rocks of the desert and the wild beasts of the forest. Some specimens of sculpture may also be seen, although fewer than of painting; for sculpture was essentially a Pagan art, and, the images of the gods being more frequently executed in marble or ivory than on canvas, it was natural that it should find but little favor with the Christians. Still, they did not hesitate to use some of the Pagan symbols, such as a flower to express the fragility of life, and a vessel in full sail to

denote the rapidity of our days, while they added others to them, like the dove with the olive-branch to signify hope and immortality, and the ark of Noah, which received men to save them from the abyss of waters. It was especially in bas-reliefs that these artists sought to express the ideas called forth by the new religion. The Vatican, Ravenna, and Arles, once the capital of Gaul, offer fine specimens of the Christian statuary of those times. From the earliest period we find that churches, both in the East and West, were ornamented with paintings and sculpture. In Judæa alone, probably to avoid shocking the prejudices of the Jews, it was otherwise. As early as 424, Pope Celestine I. ornamented the church of St. Sabina with mosaics, and in 433 Sixtus III. had those executed which are still extant in Santa Maria Maggiore. And here, again, we trace the influence of the ancient types. In the baptistery of Ravenna, for instance, the Jordan is represented as a river-god, crowned with sea-weed, and leaning on his urn, whence rush the sacred waters in which the Redeemer is plunging. Charlemagne was disturbed by this mingling of Pagan and Christian figures; but with all his power he could not effect its disappearance from the churches of his time, so strong is the hold of custom on all but the most original minds, and so slow was the transition from the architecture and sculpture of Rome to the art of the Middle Age,—from the rude sketches on the walls of the Catacombs to the works of Giotto and of Cimabue,—from Virgil to Dante. But that it was a transition, M. Ozanam insists, and we with him. Neither the arts nor letters died out in what are commonly called the Dark Ages,—dark to us, indeed, because studied so little, and because so few have looked at them, as our author has, by the light of Christianity.

Eleven years have elapsed since an article on Dante and the Catholic philosophy of the thirteenth century first brought the name of M. Ozanam before the readers of this Review. Holding a creed directly opposite to his, and with a mind in many respects very differently constituted from his, the young writer of that article had been attracted by the profound learning, the earnest and tender piety, and the winning eloquence

which made Ozanam so remarkable. Since that time, both have passed away from this earthly scene,—one in the prime of life, the other long before he had reached that period; but while they lived, they lived nobly, and to both may be applied the words of Ozanam himself: “We are here below to fulfil the will of God. This will must be done from day to day, and he who dies leaving his task unfinished is as far advanced in the eyes of Supreme Justice as he to whom leisure is given to finish it entirely.”

ART. IX.—*A Year of Revolution. From a Journal kept at Paris in 1848.* By the MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, K. G. In two volumes. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts. 1857. 8vo. pp. xvii., 481, 431.

THIS book has, in every way, made a great sensation upon the other side of the Atlantic; in England, because it was written by an English diplomatist, in the full exercise of his diplomatic functions, a somewhat unusual thing; in France, because French politics was its theme, and because it was generally believed that the author was perfectly sincere, and spoke his mind frankly upon men and things. Before the merits or demerits of the work itself were discussed, it was much disputed whether the writer was justified in writing it. *Prima facie*, this was, by all observers of tradition, decided in the negative; and to a certain degree he was condemned beforehand. In France, particularly, the large and influential party of the Orleanists (still by far the largest and most influential party in the nation) made haste to cry out as loudly as possible that Lord Normanby had been guilty of the most enormous indiscretion, in publishing his observations upon events which took place while he occupied in France the post of British Ambassador to Louis Philippe's court. The Orleanists had wind of some of the statements which Lord Normanby would make, their own uneasy consciences led them to guess at a good deal more, and their desire was to